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Measures.

I have a dainty cup of glass;
It is not graven by a line;
Its beauty is its fragileness;
A baby hand might crush it fine.

I gave a man to drink from it,
One day, a draught of water cold;
He took it like a woman's hand,
In reverent, loving, lingering hold.

He held it up in keen delight,
Gazed on its texture rare and fine;
"Such glass as this," he rapturous said,
"Gives water all the grace of wine."

Another day, another man
Sat eating, drinking at my board;
Into the dainty, peerless glass
A peerless wine for him I poured.

He drank it at a swallow down;
With smothered wrath I well-nigh burst;
Nor wine nor glass was aught to him,
So that he quenched his boorish thirst.

"Ah, me!" I said, "to him that hath,
All things on earth their tribute bring;
From him that hath not, earth takes back,
And leaves him beggared, though a king."
—Scribner's for July.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

From Ferdinand Hiller's "Briefe an
eine Ungenannte."

ON MUSICAL CONDUCTORSHIP.

Yes, most honored lady, as a general rule it may safely be taken for granted, that to most conductors their occupation is a pleasure. In however limited a measure, and however transitory, it is at any rate the exercise of a power, —and what a magical charm there is in the possession of even the smallest modicum of that! The so-called history of the world is full of it, and the fates of the smallest places would illustrate it, if it were worth the pains to investigate the facts. I confess that I have never felt the charm of what is called power; to me there is quite as little satisfaction in harassing others, as there is in being harassed by them. In spite of that, my fondness, sometimes passionate fondness, for conducting may be ascribed, above all perhaps, to my love for music, and more to the effect which this activity exercises upon me, than to that which I exercise through it upon others. It gives me in fact the feeling, which is commonly supposed to pervade a fish in the water, —presupposing, that what I am obliged to conduct is not displeasing to me. It need not be ravishing, to give me a pleasant consciousness of breathing quite in my own element, more than I can in any other occupation.

And yet there must be some peculiar satisfaction in conducting, since we see what a sense of importance it gives to people who have the most insignificant tasks of that kind to perform, and who scarcely understand how to perform even these. Observe the musical director in the most wretched theatre, in places where the music has no other purpose but to make a distracting noise; always you see a

man, from whose every feature, every motion beams the satisfaction of occupying a higher position, a conspicuous seat. On the contrary, to be sure, it is not seldom that we find competent musicians, in whom you can feel how *blase* they are with an occupation which for a long time has been imposed upon them, —with inadequate means, or in the bringing out of works which they regard partly with indifference, partly with disgust. If a conductor is to experience that artistic joy, which does not consist in merely being greeted with respect by a number of men as the Herr Hof-Kapellmeister, then he must have at his bidding skilful, or at least teachable forces, animated with a good will, who subordinate themselves in full trust to their leader, —no, who are inspired with the same endeavor. For he feels something of the joy of creation in being able to indicate his intentions and see them comprehended, in building up as it were a beautiful structure which he sees in his mind, —sensations, which stream through us, while through an electric chain we feel them at the same time shared by others. Add to this a fascinating illusion, to which one yields himself consciously, yet with a sense of beatitude: —one imagines himself *playing* the orchestra and producing effects, which after all rest on the talent of the executant musicians.

Nor can it be denied that, besides being indispensable to the production of a piece, the conductor can exert an incalculable influence. If his personal character and presence are such as to command respect, the musicians will feel themselves in honor bound to higher exertion; they will respond to all his hints and wishes, will identify themselves with his conception, and become mutually united and more intimately blended. The secret understanding which forms itself, after a long musical life together, between the conductor and the individual members of an orchestra, is one of the finest relations that can be realized among the children of men. An inclination of the head, a look, one or another way of swinging the baton, even an air of passive indifference, bring out *nuances* in the performance of the individual or the mass, which in words would require a much longer explanation. The quickened pulse of the conductor, his growing joy in the successful effort, his increasing rapture with the beauty of a work, all this communicates itself to the musicians, or springs up simultaneously in them. And then the humor of it is, that the bond, which entwines so multifarious an assemblage, with the last chord flies apart; —each goes his way and seeks as quickly as possible again to reach that which is necessary to his most individual existence; the body that was all alive the moment before, is dissolved into its atoms.

Is it difficult to conduct? you ask. My honored friend, it is in the higher sense impossible to one in whom certain qualities are not

inborn. And by these I mean not those gifts which must be lent to every musician, if he is to be something more than a mere professional man. A man may be a great composer, and have all the knowledge and experience, besides the genial inventive faculty which that requires, and yet be as unfit for a conductor, as a dancer for a parliamentary orator. Personal power and character, self-confidence, energy, presence of mind, power of ready adaptation, and the gift of speech are requisite; also a certain going out of oneself, which I might compare to the talent of an actor, and which comes in play when one would completely enter into the musical personality of another; the certainty of being able, at the predetermined moment, to give oneself up completely to the appointed task, —and the physical strength to carry it through without exhaustion. A bit of the virtuoso nature belongs to the conductor, —although there is nothing more detestable than your *Conductor-virtuoso*, —a bit of the field-marshal's talent.

And having all these qualities, a conductor will not succeed without a certain dose of luck, —without the good fortune to have heard much that is beautiful and good, and without that other good fortune, of having competent forces to conduct. Lessing's celebrated saying: that Raphael, even without arms, would still have been the greatest painter, is —begging the great man's pardon —false. Raphael would have carried about with him the latent genius of a great painter; but not only would it not have manifested itself, it would not have been complete, since the painter's hand belongs to the painter's genius. And without sufficient forces the most gifted conductor can accomplish nothing that can satisfy himself and do full justice to his talent.

Schumann on Mendelssohn's Piano Preludes and Fugues, Op. 35.*

*From *Music and Musicians*, etc., by ROBERT SCHUMANN. Translated by FANNY RAYMOND RITTE.

A hot-headed fellow (now in Paris) has defined the meaning of "Fugue" to be "a composition in which one voice rushes out before the other (*fuga a fugere*), and the listener first of all;" on which account he always began to talk loud, and often to scold, at concerts, whenever he met with a fugue. Really he did not understand anything about it, and resembled the fox in the fable —i.e., he could not write one himself, however much he secretly wished to do so. Those who can —finished students of music, cantors and others —describe it quite differently. According to these, Beethoven never did or could write fugues; even Bach has taken liberties with them, at which we must shrug our shoulders; Marpurg is the only guide; and so on. Others, again, think otherwise; I, for instance, who can luxuriate for hours in Bach's, Handel's, and Beethoven's fugues; and I had thought that only poor, watery, insipid, patchwork things in comparison could be written to-day, until these by Mendelssohn dissipated such ideas.

Those with whom the pattern fugue is a hobbyhorse, deceive themselves greatly when they

fancy they have carried out any of the fine old artificialities, the *imitationes per augmentationem duplicem, triplicem, etc.,* or *canerantes motu contrario, etc.*—as also do the Romantic deserters, who hope to find an undreamt-of Phoenix in them arising from the ashes of the old form. Had they a sense for sound, natural music, they might succeed tolerably, though I would not adjudge them blind praise, for I know that Bach wrote, poetized, quite different fugues. But were he to arise from the grave now, he would—first, perhaps, laying about him right and left in regard to the general condition of musical matters—certainly rejoice that a few, at least, still gather flowers from the field where he planted such giant-armed oaks. In a word, these fugues have a Sebastian-like air, and might really deceive a sharp-sighted reviewer, were it not for the melody, the finer flow which savors of modern times, and here and there those little touches peculiar to Mendelssohn, which betray him among a hundred other composers.

Whether reviewers find this out or not, it is certain that the composer did not write them for pastime, but rather to call the attention of pianoforte-players to this masterly old form once more, and to accustom them to it again; while he has chosen the right way to succeed in this, by avoiding all useless imitations and small artificialities, allowing the melody of the cantilena to predominate, and holding fast to the Bach form. Whether the latter, however, might not be advantageously transformed without losing the true fugue character, is a question which many will endeavor to answer. Beethoven shook at that foundation; but he was too largely occupied elsewhere, too busily occupied on high, building the cupolas of so many other cathedrals, to find time for laying the new foundations of a new fugue form. Reicha also made an effort, but his creative powers lagged far behind his good will; yet his often peculiar ideas are not to be overlooked. However, the best fugue will always be that which the public takes for—a Strauss waltz, in other words, where the artistic work, like that of a flower, is so beautifully concealed that we only perceive the flowers. I knew a by no means contemptible connoisseur of music who mistook a Bach fugue for a Chopin étude—to the honor of both; and many young girls might fancy the second part of a Mendelssohn fugue to be a song without words (the entrance of the parts at the beginning would puzzle them); while the grace and softness of their forms will cause their dreaded name and ceremonious dwelling-place to be forgotten. In short, these are not fugues worked out with the head alone, according to a receipt, but pieces of music sprung from the mind, and carried out in poet fashion.

But as the fugue is the organ of cheerfulness and gaiety, as well as of dignity, the collection contains many of that sort, fiery kind, such as Bach has thrown off in abundance with his own master-hand. Every one will find them out; but these especially betray the polished, intellectual artist, who plays with fetters as though they were garlands of flowers. To mention the preludes; many of these, like many of Bach's, do not seem to have been originally connected with the fugues, but rather appended subsequently to these. Most players will prefer them to the fugues, as, even when played separately, their effect is complete; the very first charms at once, from beginning to end. Players may find out what the others are like for themselves. The work is valuable in itself, and would be found so without the surety of the composer's name.

JEANQUIRIT.

Musical Stupefaction.

[From the New York Times.]

More time and money are wasted in this country in teaching girls music than in teaching boys Latin and Greek; and that is saying a great deal. Music has long been a part of every American girl's

education, whether she has shown any aptitude or taste for it or not. It has grown into routine; it must be taught because it has been taught; it is fashionable, and therefore the proper thing. As a people we are not musical in the sense in which the Italians, Germans or French are musical. Most of us love it, of course—even though we be destitute of sense of time or tune—but capacity to understand it scientifically, or to execute it, is denied to the many. One might think, however, from the ardor and uniformity with which it is cultivated that the nation is as musically mad as Richard Wagner or Ludwig of Bavaria. It may be mad, but not in the same way exactly; for there is a sort of madness in a general and persistent effort to instruct all young womanhood in what only a small part of young womanhood is able to learn.

To be a very ordinary musician—to sing a little or play a little on this or that instrument—is not much satisfaction, especially when one acquires music as an accomplishment, with the intent and expectation of display. If one take lessons and gain a moderate degree of proficiency, having no other thought or hope than to contribute to one's own amusement or enjoyment, or that of one's immediate friends, the object is amiable and laudable; and it evinces, moreover, an earnest and modest love of music for its proper sake. But this is not the aim of most of our music-teaching; they are taught believing that they shall shine in their art and awaken the envy of their less expert associates. With them it is generally an ambition, and, unfortunately, an ambition without talent. They rarely, if ever, suspect their incapacity; they have all the confidence of that ignorance which cannot see how far it falls short, measuring the attainable by their own limitations. Always ready to show off, they persecute patience or politeness and torture the ear, while they imagine they are winning laurels that are socially imperishable. Who has not some time endured such martyrdom from these gifted stupidities?

The ambition of many American women is measureless; the smaller their capacity the higher it soars. They are carried away by a desire to be professional and grandly professional; they design to be prime donne, and will be satisfied with nothing less. Persuaded by their vanity that they have the powers of Malibran, Grist, or Parepa, they look confidently forward to stupendous triumphs on the stage. They spend years and thousands of dollars of their own, or of their too enthusiastic and credulous friends—usually the latter—in fitting themselves for the opera-house. They go abroad to Leipzig, Milan, or Paris, and get all that study and instruction can give them. Glowing letters, private and journalistic, are written home from time to time, chronicling their progress, and predicting their future triumphs. By and by the eagerly anticipated debut is made at Würzburg or Forli, or Bézangon, and is heralded far and wide as a prodigious and dazzling success. The predestined prima donna returns to her native shores, and paragraphs appear in the society columns and in the weeklies, felicitating the public upon the musical treat that is in store for all capable of appreciation. She manages, through her friends, to undertake *Rosina* or *Amina* at one of the theatres, and several very kindly notices in the press reveal her poverty of performance by trying to hide it in courteous phrase. She afterwards sings at two or three concerts, and her clique of admirers sounds her praises loud and long. Then the great artist sinks out of sight, and it is presently discovered that she is a salaried singer in a fashionable church, and she never rises any higher. How many American artists, for whom everything has been claimed, have had just such an experience? How many more will have it?

The most general and profitless form of musical education in the Republic concerns the piano. The American girl who cannot play on the piano, however badly, is thought to have been inadequately educated. It is of small consequence that she should play with feeling, sympathy or understanding, provided she can master the mechanical part. Hundreds of young ladies, who are pronounced accomplished performers by partial critics, are so absolutely wooden in their method that one might think that machines could be invented to do quite as well. They are correct frequently; they strike the notes clearly and exactly; but beyond that they have no comprehension. Melody, soul, suggestion, warmth, interpretation, sensibility, have no meaning to them; they never guess that these are the essence of all music, that without these music is misnamed. Such forced pianists, if they would wisely employ the time they waste, might learn to do other things

creditably for which they are fitted. But they must neglect what they might accomplish for what they never can accomplish. Mental culture, social graces, æsthetic studies, even ordinary branches of education must be neglected, that they may have ample leisure to thrum the keys of a fifteen-hundred-dollar instrument. They may not talk well; they may not be able to write a tolerable letter; they may not be acquainted with the common facts of history. But then you should hear them play! After hearing them once, you think you shouldn't, and you take measures never to be so entrapped again.

Whether you be bored listening to the young ladies' music or not, you are annoyed by being talked to about it in season and out of season. If you visit their parents' house, you are entertained with an account of the number of hours they practice; with what Prof. Weissachstein has said of their execution; with the indispensableness of their continued studies, etc. You are made to believe them prodigies; and yet the moment they are married their musical enthusiasm evaporates. Marriage is beneficial sometimes in unexpected ways. The piano is a delightful instrument; music is a royal princess of art; but isn't it nearly time that we should learn whether our young ladies have any vocation for music before we drive them through years of fruitless instruction and wasted opportunity?

The Coming Season in New York.

(From the Music Trade Review.)

The month of August has come, and as it can be considered the last month of the hot summer term, managers of opera and concert put their final touches to their arrangements for the musical season, 1877-78. Every one of the managers has his ideas, views and projects, and accordingly makes his own preparations as he deems best, or at least most advantageous for business purposes. The last two seasons were so poor, had to record so many failures, that we are really wondering at the pluck our entrepreneurs show in making their plans for the coming season. There is as yet nothing definite as to the details of any of the enterprises; only the outlines are given, and Fourteenth street is daily brooding over new rumors and reports. We only give our readers the sketches of the managerial plans for the next season, and even these under a certain reserve. Managers might change their plans at any moment, and we do not like being held responsible for things beyond our control. Manager J. C. Fryer, the Wagner champion *par excellence*, intends opening a season of German opera in New York, and taking his troupe through the United States. We hardly believe that his repertoire will consist of Richard Wagner only; at least prudence ought to advise a cosmopolitan variety. His prima donna will be Mme. Pappenheim, his first tenor Charles Adams. Mme. Pappenheim is known, and Charles Adams is an artist of high rank, who will make a success, provided his voice, which never was one of the ringing, metallic, has held out. Adams sang at the Vienna Hofoper more than ten years, and has a versatility of parts which is really wonderful—"Masaniello," "Don Ottavio," "Lohengrin," "Rienzi." He sings everything, and proves in every character the conscientious artist. The rest of Mr. Fryer's company includes the tenors Fritsch and, unfortunately, Werrenrath; Blum as baritone; Wiegand, a gentleman who sang here some ten years ago, with Richard Mulder, as bass; Clara Reinmann, formerly at the opera in Schwerin; Mlle. Tremel, and another lady singer whose name we could not find out. The company is a decided improvement compared with Mr. Fryer's troupe of the Wagner festival, and we should feel gratified, for the sake of the engaged artists, if the season would meet with a success. We hear that Mr. Fryer first intended bringing over here a musical director from Germany, but has abandoned this idea. He did right; a conductor from the Fatherland would have been a drawback for his enterprise. There are many valuable conductors on the other side; but the work of a conductor in this country is so peculiarly shaped, the manner of mounting an opera so entirely different from what is, or, better, how it is done in Europe, that it is an established fact that even inferior musicians, who have lived in America for years, are for an operatic season in the United States more useful conductors than European celebrities. When Hess opened his first Kellogg season of English Opera, he engaged a conductor in England, a very clever musician; after four weeks he was obliged to discharge him, and ac-

cept the services of Frank Howson, a self-made man of very limited ability, but *savoir faire*. We could not learn the name of the conductor Mr. Fryer wants to hire for his operatic enterprise; we only know that the season is to be opened at the New York Academy of Music on October 1st, with Wagner's "Rienzi."

Max Strakosch is this season the protector of home talent. He opens in September in San Francisco with concerts, and after a stay of six weeks in California forms an opera company (English and Italian), headed by Clara Louise Kellogg and Annie Louise Cary. Among the artists of his troupe are Mr. Tom Karl, Signor Verdi, or Mr. Green, a young baritone, who is very favorably reported, and Mr. Graf, a tenor, who left this country a few years ago, with the intention of following the operatic career in Germany. Three years ago Mr. Graf could neither sing nor walk. We suppose he learned walking soon enough in a country where nearly everybody is, has been, or will be a soldier; how far his vocal abilities have been developed in Mayence or Cologne, where the American tenor was active, we shall hear when, in December, Mr. Strakosch will produce his troupe in New York, as it is said, not in the Academy of Music.

Hess, the former manager of Mlle. Kellogg, made up a somewhat cheap English opera company. His star is a certain Miss Melville, whom he found in California; Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and Mr. Castle, form the stock, and the manager has gone to Europe, with the view of completing his *ensemble*. We do not know whether or not the city of New York will be honored by Mr. Hess's troupe, but it would be a pity if we had to renounce the pleasure of listening to the genial strains of Operi's "Daniel Druce." Operi made a bold step forward—from Josh Hart's Varieties in Central Park Garden to the conductorship of Mr. Hess's opera company; the question will arise which he was best suited for.

There is some talk here about a real Italian Opera Company, which is to play during four weeks in the fall under the management of the Parisian Verger. This gentleman has engaged Mme. Volpini and a strong company for Havana, and is not unwilling to give a series of performances in New York on his way South.

We should not wonder if Mlle. Sasse, the original "Africaine," belongs to the same company; we read in French papers that she has accepted an engagement for America, and we hardly know anybody but Verger who could have made her such an offer. We do not know far the negotiations between Mr. Verger and the stockholders of our Academy are completed, but we hope that they will end satisfactorily for Verger, and especially for our public; it would be very acceptable for our music-loving people to have some performances of a really good Italian troupe, something which has not existed for the last two years in New York.

Maurice Strakosch is said to have offered Marie Roze an engagement for America, but that does not prove anything. Strakosch would offer engagements to any singer in the world. Thurbey, Roze, Patti, and, who knows, how many more! Thurbey dreams of her hundred thousand dollars Strakosch promised to pay her. Marie Roze preferred an engagement in Europe, and Adelina Patti—well, we don't know about her yet. Most assuredly, while we are writing these lines, Maurice Strakosch sits in the boudoir of his sister-in-law, and uses all the eloquence of his sweet phrases, which might persuade her to cross the ocean. We expect her arrival on our shores at a much earlier date than that of Richard Wagner, who is said to be negotiating with Bernhard Ullman about a professional trip to America. Some weeks ago a telegram from St. Louis ran through the papers of the Union, that Wagner had declared to his friend, Professor Bernays, in Munich, his intention of visiting our country professionally. This telegram was manufactured by a nephew of the Munich professor, and the latter declared, suddenly, in a letter addressed to Mr. Fryer, that Wagner never had spoken to him about such an idea, and he only occasionally mentioned, when his nephew lately visited Europe, to him the possibility of such an undertaking. The nephew took this possibility as a fact, and humbugged the entire press of the country. We do not believe in Wagner ever coming to America, and, more than that, we cannot conceive the advantages of the great operatic reformer's stay with us. His works have found a home in our country, and the man himself should better stay away. As long as Wagner speaks to us through his ideas, we adore him; the man cannot command sympathy. Besides, Wagner

is too old, and the failures he made as conductor in London might be easily repeated here. The enthusiasts, of course, will say we are wrong, but partisans are always blind, and lose their mental equilibrium. What ruined Hans von Bülow in this country? That he showed too much of the man, instead of being satisfied with his artistic successes. After all, Ullman did not yet bring Wagner, and Maurice Strakosch has not yet engaged Patti. But the Monday Popular Concerts in Steinway Hall will be under Maurice's management. What these Monday Popular Concerts will amount to is not decidedly clear to our understanding. All we can make out is, that they will take place on Mondays; the "Concerts" and the "Popularity" are somewhat misty yet. If they are made after the pattern of the corresponding London enterprise in St. James' Hall, Strakosch would do well in securing for the string-quartet the services of Joachim, Wilhelmj, Mme. Neruda, and other violinists of fame.

Theodore Thomas will appear this winter for the first time as conductor of the Philharmonic Society, and at the same time continue his own Symphonic Concerts in Steinway Hall. We smell evil in this dualistic activity, and should be too glad if we, at the end of next season, could record our mistake. Dr. Damrosch, the ex-conductor of the Philharmonic band, entertains the idea of organizing a new orchestra, and it would be highly interesting if New York suddenly could boast of three large orchestral societies. The Oratorio Society will be the *cheval de bataille* of Dr. Damrosch, and we have no doubt that this comparatively young organization will turn out next winter in full force.

The Choral Union, German Liederkrantz, Arion, some glee-clubs, will appear before the public in some concerts, and of the numerous concerts of instrumentalists and vocalists in Steinway Hall, Chickering Hall, and other minor concert-rooms, it is too soon to speak now. They will come each and every one of them, and will play and sing before half-filled and empty houses, and will feel pride in having appeared before the New York public with the satisfaction of having lost a couple of hundred dollars. Those things happen every season, and the next one will not be lacking in them. Those concerts depend on personal friends; the public at large wants to have nothing to do with them, and even considers the offer of complimentary tickets for those entertainments (?) an insult. Nevertheless the names of the "distinguished artists" appear on posters in newspapers and programmes, and Vanity is satisfied.

Mr. Punch's Select Committees.

No. V.—ON MUSIC—OF THE PRESENT, AND OF THE FUTURE. MRS. HAZY HIGHFALUTER examined.

Q. I understand you are passionately devoted to music?

A. For many years I have made the tone-art my *spécialité*.

Q. What do you mean by the "tone-art"?

A. I mean what you would scarcely, I fear, understand, as music. I mean the form that music now takes to the higher, and, if I may be allowed to say so, the more Teutonic order of intelligences.

Q. Do you yourself belong to this order?

A. I am Teutonic, though of the English or lower branch of that great world-family.

Q. May I take it that you have for many years devoted yourself to music?

A. I prefer the phrase "tone-art."

Q. Have your studies and practice been in the vocal or instrumental branches of music?

A. In neither.

Q. Is there any other?

A. Yes; the most important—the æsthetic and appreciative. I conceive it to be my mission to prepare the way for the tone-art of the Future.

Q. Will you define the tone-art of the Future?

A. It defies definition. I should describe it as a mighty system of spiritual aeronautics, meant to lift up the soul to the sublime regions of supersensuous harmony, above the gross and earthly restraints of received form in composition, and the vulgar attractions of sustained melody.

Q. I am afraid I must ask you to explain your answer?

A. I decline explanation. I am attempting to give you an idea of the musical standpoint of the higher æsthetic school of tone-art.

Q. In whom do you find this embodied?

A. Wagner is the present embodiment of the tone-art of the Future. Amongst past composers I have no doubt I should class Gluck very high, if I knew his music. I also rank Berlioz and Liszt amongst those who, in the morning twilight of tone-art, anticipated its noonday brightness.

Q. What do you especially admire in the music of Wagner?

A. It is difficult to make this apparent to the uninitiated. But I claim generally for his music—it is difficult to avoid the expression, though I am aware we attach very different ideas to the word—an epic grandeur of intention, with a symbolizing at once of sense by sound, and an uplifting of sound above sense, combined with a subtlety, variety, and color of instrumentation, which gives a new value to the orchestral interpretation of passion and poetry, and throws new tone-lights on man, mind, and nature.

Q. Will you kindly attempt to make your meaning a little plainer?

A. I fear I can hardly expect you to understand me. The subject belongs to the domain of the higher æsthetic, and requires special cultivation of abstract subjectivity. As such subjectivity becomes the fashion, I have no doubt the facilities requisite for its application will be developed. I find this to be usually the case.

Q. Probably I need hardly ask if you admire the music of earlier operatic composers.

A. I do not. The German tone-poets, as Mozart, Weber, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, may have had occasional glimpses of the higher regions of tone-art; but the Italians are hopelessly condemned to wallow in the mud of sustained melody, and the fetters of fixed form. The French are still further below contempt.

Q. Do you admit within your pale Bishop, Balfe, Wallace, or, in fact, any English composer?

A. Certainly not. They are essentially defective from the stand-point of the higher tone-art—mere writers of tunes, contented wallowers in the melodic bathos.

Q. What do you mean by the "melodic bathos?"

A. The region of recurrent rhythmical form, delightful to the vulgar ear, ere it is cultivated to perception of the higher tone-art.

Q. You have said you conceive it to be your mission to prepare the way for the music—I beg your pardon—the tone-art of the Future. How is this to be effected?

A. By carrying musical fashion a stage higher than even the most serious musical *matinées* do at present.

Q. What is a musical *matinée*?

A. In the popular sense, an assemblage of people of the most various tastes in a crowded drawing-room on a hot afternoon in the height of the season to listen to amateur musical talent.

Q. Taking place in the afternoon, why are these assemblies called "*matinées*?"

A. Everything is called a "*matinée*" that takes place before dinner.

Q. What is the entertainment usually provided at these "*matinées*?"

A. At my own, and those of the school of higher æsthetic to which I belong, all but the higher elements of tone-art—the Wagnerian *répertoire*—is rigidly excluded. In other houses, even of high pretensions to musical culture, the staple is what is called "classical music." If there is a daughter of the house having pretensions to a voice, an occasional operatic solo, or a song by one of the fashionable English composers—as Sullivan or Molloy—must of course be introduced for her.

Q. Will you oblige me by defining "classical music?"

A. I would rather leave that to those who still believe in it. It includes, I should say, the works of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, and some modern composers—in particular, Raff and Brahms. But this, I should explain, is far above the standard of these *matinées*. At a large number the lower forms of Italian operatic music are alone indulged in; while some even descend to the degradation of French *opera-bouffe* compositions.

Q. How is the music usually interpreted at these *matinées*, whether of the higher or lower order?

A. By an amateur quartette band, if one can be got together, with, or without the instrumental aid of professionals. The vocal element is, as a rule, also amateur. Besides the daughters of the house, and any of their friends not likely to interfere with the success of the performances, it is of importance to secure, for these occasions, the fashionable amateur tenor (who is said to be thinking of adopting the opera as a profession), the popular baritone (who sings Santley's songs), or, in some cases of a still lower order of taste, the comic gentleman (who is thought as good as Corney Grain). I know such things are done—from report. I never attend any of these so-called "musical" entertainments myself.

Q. Are such *matinée musicales* largely attended?

A. Very largely indeed, I am sorry to say, if I may trust report; but the music of the Future is rapidly overtaking that of the Present. My own *Æsthetic Zukunft's-musik-mornings*, for instance, which appeal only to the higher order of musical appreciation, and are very largely and even fashionably attended, are confined, as I have said, to selections from Wagner.

Q. Is this as yet equally fashionable with the so-called classical music?

A. Not yet, perhaps, but it is rapidly becoming so. The tide has set in the right—or Wagnerian—direction. And "set of the tide" is everything in a maritime country like England.

[The witness (who had listened to the questions through an ear-trumpet) here withdrew.]

Richard Wagner's Toilet at Home.—His Letters to a Dressmaker.*

The piquant feuilleton concerning Richard Wagner, which I informed you would shortly appear, was published on Saturday in the *Neue freie Presse*. Spitzer, the well-known author of the *Wiener Spaziergänge*, has thoroughly worked out the materials at his command, and not let slip so favorable an opportunity.

*From the Berlin *Echo*, (translated in the London *Musical World*.)

portunity for displaying, under Bengal fire, Wagner's character from a perfectly new point of view. In the preface to some articles which he entitles *Censuren*, and which, by the way, are utter failures, Wagner says: "But my object in this collection is something more serious than to write books; I am desirous of rendering an account of myself to my friends, so that they may be enlightened with regard to much that is difficult to be understood in me." Spitzer desires to assist the composer in carrying out the above notion, and, perhaps, the fact of some one else besides himself devoting his energies to the task, which the composer considers so exceedingly serious, of contributing to our enlightenment respecting him, may get over the objectionable circumstance of the public's seeing the composer only in the light in which he considers it advisable to be seen. Painters and sculptors have idealized away from his head all the mean and ugly traits which force themselves upon the spectator at the first glance; his partisans, too, have surrounded Wagner, the man, with a nimbus, which encircles him with a brilliancy rendering him unrecognizable; and though anyone who can read may discover his real character in his writings, the master has protected the products of his mind, as Wotan protects his daughter, the Walkyre, with a "flickering glow" of wearisomeness, verbal inflation, and obscurity of thought, against the reader "der frech es wagte, dem freislichen Felsen zu nahen."

Wagner, in pink satin drawers, white satin jacket, richly padded pink satin dressing-gown, with a satin sash, five ells long! Who would have believed it possible!—Spitzer takes his "materials" from a collection of sixteen letters written by Wagner. He calls his article "Letters from Richard Wagner to a Dressmaker." Nothing can be happier than the motto which heads the article, "Wie gleicht er dem Weibe!" (*Walkyre*, Act I., Hunting). Spitzer says, "In a catalogue lately published by a dealer in autographs of a highly interesting collection of original musical manuscripts, I found offered, for sale, sixteen letters of a peculiar nature" written by Richard Wagner in the years 1865-1868. "I am in a position to supplement what Spitzer tells us. The well-known composer, K., in Vienna, a zealous collector of and dealer in many things, especially coins and musical manuscripts, came into possession, heaven knows how, of these sixteen letters from Wagner, to which were added three or four letters of similar purport from the pen of *Mme. Schumann*. To this catalogue, which was distributed a fortnight since, and comprised manuscripts of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, etc., the following notice appeared towards the end: "*Wagner, Richard*: 16 Letters, mostly from Lucerne in Switzerland, with some from Munich and its environs, dating from the years 1865-1868, and one of the year 1864, from Penzing (near Vienna)—all these letters are of a peculiar nature—with 9 interesting documents extra, relating to them." "The somewhat high price demanded for these letters," as Spitzer tells us further on: "slightly diminished my wish to purchase them, though it greatly increased my curiosity, and, as the latter was luckily shared by the editor of the *Neue freie Presse*, I was soon enabled to buy the letters and publish them for the amusement of the numerous readers of the paper." This piece of information, also, I can amplify. The letters were purchased by a private person for 100 florins, and passed from him into the hands of Herr Spitzer; unless, as is more probable, they were bought for Herr Spitzer at first.

But I will no longer keep your readers in ignorance as to the contents of the letters, and you may as well have two or three printed. All the others turn on the same subject, and mostly contain fresh orders.

Dear Miss Bertha,—I am sorry to say that I cannot let you have anything this week, for matters are not going on at all as I could wish, and I shall have probably to be up and stirring to look after my affairs in other places myself. But do not be under any apprehension. Believe me that I am most desirous of fully satisfying and recompensing you, the very instant it is possible, for your patience. On this you may rely. Respectfully your obedient

Penzing, 22nd March, 1864.

RICHARD WAGNER.

This was succeeded soon afterwards by the following from Starnberg:—

When I saw you last May in Vienna, you expressed a wish to receive further orders from me.

I feel myself still under obligations to you; furthermore, you are acquainted with the models which I use for my house clothes, etc., and it is difficult to find here a good stock of materials from which to choose; besides

† "How like the woman!"

I prefer having some one to supply me. If, therefore, you like to furnish me permanently for the future with what I want, I am contented; only I should desire both for this, as well as for all you may lay out, as the latter cannot be calculated in advance, an annual account, which I should always settle at the end of the year. If you can comply with my wishes, I would at once let you have some orders. In this case, I should feel much obliged by your giving me the information I require about the following things:—

1. Can you obtain at Szontag's a good heavy satin, of the light brown color I enclose?
2. Likewise of the dark pink?
3. Can a good quality of the enclosed light pink be had for from 4 to 5 florins?
4. The same for the blue, only I should like it lighter; by no means darker.
5. Has Szontag a sufficient stock of the new red or crimson colored heavy satin, with which you lined my white dressing gown (with the flowered pattern)?
6. Have you still any of the dark yellow, of which we made the curtains for the little tables?

Please let me have proper patterns, in small pieces, of these 6 colors and fabrics and, at the same time, be kind enough to inform me whether you can entertain my proposal. I should like you to do so, because such a plan is the most convenient for me, and its adoption would enable me to give you constant employment.

I trust you have still the patterns for the cut of my clothes.

In expectation of your answer, I remain respectfully your obedient

RICHARD WAGNER.

For the present: Starnberg near Munich.

P.S.—Do not confound No. 2. the dark pink, with the old violet pink, which is not what I mean, but real pink, only very dark and fiery.

Passing over intermediate orders for satin trousers, satin jackets, satin coverlets, and so on, we come to the following:—

Dear Miss Bertha,—Tell me exactly how much money I should have to send, for you to make a dressing gown according to the accompanying directions? The color must be pink, like one of the accompanying patterns, which I have marked 1 and 2, so that you may calculate the prices of both, for I suspect they are not the same. That marked No. 2 is somewhat stiff and slight in the back—probably of Austrian manufacture—but the color pleases me. So—an exact estimate. Of the blue, I select some of the accompanying patterns which I return. I hope it is not too dear; I require 18 ells. In case the money intended for the fresh purchases is not sufficient, I now forward 25 thalers more, which you will be kind enough to put down to my account. Send me with the blue satin at least 10 florins' worth more of the very narrow blond, which was forgotten, for shirt trimming, you know, about an inch wide.

Mad. von Bülow wants her bill for the portfolio, and will settle it immediately. So—how much would the dressing-gown, at which I enclose a specification, cost me? Best greetings. Your obedient

RICHARD WAGNER.

Lucerne, the 1st February, 1867.

Pink satin, stuffed with eiderdown and quilted in squares, like the grey and red coverlet which I had of you; exactly that substance, light, not heavy; of course, with the upper and under material quilted together. Lined with light satin; six widths at the bottom, therefore very wide. Then put on extra, not sewn on to the quilted material—a padded ruching all round of the same material: from the waist the ruching must extend downwards into a raised facing (or garniture), cutting off the front part.

Study the drawing carefully: at the bottom the facing or Schopp, which must be worked in a particularly rich and beautiful manner, is to spread out on both sides to half an ell in width, and then, rising to the waist, lose itself in the ordinary width of the padded ruching which runs all round. At the side of the raised facing, three or four rosettes of the same material. The sleeves, like the last you made for me in Geneva, with padded edging—rich; in front a rosette, with a broader and richer one inside at the bottom of the part which hangs down. In addition to this, a broad sash five ells long, the full breadth of the material at the ends, only somewhat narrower in the middle; the shoulders narrower, so that the sleeves shall not pull; you know. So at the bottom, six widths (quilted), and on each side a facing half an ell broad in front. So at the bottom, six widths and an ell broad.

This letter is the gem of the collection; it is something unique, since it contains two pen-and-ink sketches by the master, namely: a sketch of the pink satin dressing-gown padded with eiderdown, a magnificent garment, in which any court lady would create a *furor*, as well as a smaller one of the scarf five ells long, which only makes us anxious lest the wearer, who is small in stature, should stumble over it as he walks along. The sketch of the dressing-gown reveals extraordinary accomplishments after the best models in the books of fashion. The "quilted squares" are executed in light lines and display great tenderness of feeling. The "raised facing" and "rosettes" exhibit broad handling of the pen and an energetic hand. The "padded facing" in front is fantastically executed—after the manner of Callot. And what life in the whole! The master's love for his work has lent animation to the latter, as Pygmalion's did to the statue. Nay; this dressing-gown has a soul; the eiderdown pul-

sates in the quilted squares; the ruchings are not padded, they are puffed out with sentiment; the rosettes breathe again! I must leave to my fair readers the task of studying more minutely the dressing-gown, that to this interesting object (the photographed sketch is shortly to be published, and given as a supplement to the books of fashions) I may quote something diametrically opposite, which shows us the master in quite a different toilet.

In the *Frankfurter Wochenblatt*, Adolf Oppenheim publishes a short article entitled, "*From Richard Wagner's Stormy Years*," and relates how, among the stock of a peripatetic vendor of old books, he came across a bundle of documents containing sketches of the charge of high treason brought, in 1848, against the Royal Chapelmaster, Richard Wagner, and the draught of the warrant for his apprehension. Wagner, the democrat, the revolutionist, and the composer of *Rienzi*; Wagner, who sounded the tocsin for the attack upon the Dresden Arsenal, looked quite different. The description of him in the warrant ran thus:—

"Wagner is from thirty-seven to thirty-eight years old, middle height, with brown hair and open forehead; eyes, greyish blue, nose and mouth well proportioned; chin, round; wears spectacles. Peculiar marks by which he may be known: quick and rapid both in his movements and way of talking. Dress: Overcoat of dark grey buckskin, trousers of black cloth, velvet waistcoat, silk neck-handkerchief, ordinary felt hat and boots."

I cannot say that the composer of *Rienzi* in an ordinary felt hat and boots appeals largely to my sympathies. He pleases me infinitely better in the character of poet-composer of the *Götterdämmerung*, as we see him to-day, in pink satin Walkyre dressing gown, six widths and an ell at the bottom with a satin sash five ells long!

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.

(To be Continued.)

VIENNA. During the theatrical year just concluded and extending from the 20th August, 1876, to the 30th June, 1877, the Imperial Opera-house gave 261 performances. Nineteen evenings were devoted to ballet exclusively; four to concerts; and three to mixed performances. The list of operas given includes 52, representing 22 composers, as follows: R. Wagner, 37 performances with 6 operas; Meyerbeer, 34 with 6; Verdi, 29 with 5; Rossini, 15 with 3; Donizetti, 13 with 6; Brüll, 12 with 1; Gounod, 12 with 2; Auber, 12 with 4; Mozart, 11 with 3; Boieldieu, 10 with 1; Ambroise Thomas, 10 with 2; Bellini, 7 with 4; Bizet, Goldmark, and Kreutzer, 5 with 1; Schubert, 4 with 1; Weber, 4 with 2; Marschner, 3 with 1; Beethoven, 2 with 1; Halévy, 2 with 1; Nicolai, 2 with 1; Schumann, 1 with 1. *Die Walküre* was performed 13 times; *Das goldene Kreuz*, 12; *Les Huguenots*, *La Dame Blanche*, 10 each; *Robert le Diable*, *Aida*, *Il Trovatore*, 9 each; *Tannhäuser*, *Faust*, 8 each; *Lohengrin*, *Guillaume Tell*, *La Muette*, 7 each; *Le Prophète*, *L'Africaine*, *Mignon*, 6 each; *Der fliegende Holländer*, *Die Zauberköte*, *Don Juan*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Ernani*, *Norma*, *La Reine de Saba*, *Carmen*, *Die Fälschung*, 5 each; *La Traviata*, *Hamlet*, *Romeo et Juliette*, *Der hässliche Krieger*, 4 each; *Die Meistersinger*, *Der Freischütz*, *Semiramide*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Le Philtre*, *Lucia*, *Ballo in Maschera*, *Hans Heiling*, 3 each; *L'Étoile du Nord*, *Rigoletto*, *Fidelio*, *La Favorita*, *La Sonnambula*, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *La Juive*, twice each; and *Rienzi*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Oberon*, *Dinorah*, *Don Pasquale*, *Linda di Chamounix*, *Le Domino Noir*, *La Part du Diable*, *Manfred*, once each. After being a member of it for only a very short time, *Mme. Luise Jäde* no longer belongs to the company at the Imperial Opera-house. *Die Walküre* will not be performed again before September, as *Mme. Ehn*, will not return till then, and the management is loth to alter the original cast.

The Opera—"Le Roi de Lahore"—The Grand Opera House.

[From Miss Brewster's Letter to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

CHATEAU DE KERUHC, COTES DU NORD, BRETAGNE, FRANCE, JULY 25th, 1877.—I went to the Grand Opera House while in Paris last week, and saw the fine scenic opera *Le Roi de Lahore*. The music is not of much value, or at least so it seemed to my ears. It is hardly fair to give first impressions for criticisms, especially when they are confused by many other objects also making their impressions. Nevertheless, I think of the music as vague and unmelodious. There is a waltz in the second act in the Paradise scene that is much admired, but its rhythm or rather accent is most undignified, more like a Scotch jig than a heavenly melody. But the scenic display was magnificent. The singers, however, were the ugliest persons ever put on the stage;

they sang well, but they were so brutally displeasing to the sight, that it was difficult to accept their good singing, except with eyes shut. Madame de Reské, the prima donna, "Sita," had a form that was as repulsive as her face, which is saying a good deal, for she was the homeliest woman I ever saw. She sang and acted honestly, however, had a good voice, correct execution, and a thorough conception of her part, and was dressed exquisitely. The original tenor was Salomon, but another singer supplied his place who was a most ignoble-looking person; it was impossible to sympathize with his wrongs or his love affairs. The baritone, the villain of the piece, Scindia (La Salle), was a little better favored, and sang the best solo in the opera, "Sita, rêve de ma vie," with a great deal of tenderness and feeling.

The story of the opera you know. The lover, Alim, King of Lahore, is killed by his Prime Minister, who usurps the kingdom and takes possession of the queen, Sita. The true king, Alim, goes to Paradise. Indra, the Supreme God, allows him to return to earth for a day, but not as a king, and Sita's lot and his are to be united; if she is unfaithful and perjured, she will die, and he will suffer the torments she will receive. He accepts these conditions, but luckily he finds his mistress faithful to him; she stabs herself to escape the power of their common enemy, Scindia, and they leave the world happy together. Paradise is a very gorgeous place, the spirits of the blest made perfect are most unlike any Christian notions of such beings, but quite to the level of what we are told is the Mahomedan idea of hereafter.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

The Grand Opera House is a marvellous construction. The architecture of the auditorium, though grandiose and superb, means nothing; it does not seem adapted to its purpose; indeed, the audience are quite out of place in it, and the divisions of the *pulchri* or boxes look like the fantastical separations of a gigantic *bonbonnière*. I wished to remove the audience entirely. I am sure the place would be more effective without people. It looks like some semi-barbaric building of far-off Assyrian or Hebrew days, a great edifice meant for unknown or forgotten rites and ceremonies; some strange worship of the God Pleasure, and the auditorium might well be passages for high priests and priestesses to sweep through on their way to the altar upon the stage. The decorations have a curious grandeur, but all rules, all classic or any other known models, seem to have been thrown to the wind. The character of these decorations too, corresponds with the wild barbaric effect of the whole. You know, of course, the style of architecture and decoration of this much talked-of building, so no use in my taking up space in describing it. I will only mention one or two peculiarities. The row of marble masks, a sort of *Hermes*, that runs around the auditorium, are ghastly things; they look like death's heads—*memento mori*; and some of the faces are those of dead courtesans. The huge figures over the pediments have a mad, wild, frenzied look, thin, breathless, passion-worn, most unlike the grand repose that characterizes the Michel Angelesque figures we are accustomed to seeing resting on the lofty pediments in St. Peter's and on Roman buildings. Those of Rome are unreal creations and quite unnatural, judged from human rules; but they are gods and goddesses, beings of a visionary world, such as a fine poetic imagination might conceive them; but the figures in the Grand Opera House, even Carpeaux's great group, are representations of human beings maddened by the pursuit of human pleasures.

Late as the season was, there was quite an audience and some distinguished persons were pointed out to me: Madame Garnier, wife of General Garnier; the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld and Monsieur and Madame de Courcelles. De Courcelles was the former French ambassador near the Vatican; Madame de Courcelles is the granddaughter of General de La Fayette.

The staircase of the Opera House is a beautiful construction; it is said to be the finest one ever built. The foyer, too, is very grand. They both look as if made for vast crowds of human beings, who should be forever going and coming, ascending and descending. The decorations are magnificent; everything is real; there is no shabby tinsel and make-believe; superb marbles, fine decorative paintings, glittering mosaics, splendid vases, columns, galleries, balconies and a richness of ornament which is quite foreign to the ideas of good

taste that one learns in monumental Rome, but which seems quite in keeping with the place. I thought of "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind." In such a building Berenice and her court might have worshiped when Titus destroyed Jerusalem. And it is after all a great Hebrew temple of pleasure; for every good place in it seems to belong to the rich Jewish bankers or to their children, who hold fine titles in the New Jerusalem, as Paris is now called. The box I was in, one of the best in the house, belonged to one of "the chosen people." No need for the Jews to go to Palestine to rebuild their lost city; they have a grand enough one on the banks of the Seine.

THE LONDON OPERA SEASON. We take the following from Mr. H. C. Lunn's review of the London Musical Season in the August number of the *Musical Times*.

We could scarcely point to a fact more confirming our impression that "Italian Opera" is almost "played out," as the Americans say, in this country than that of the small effect created by Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer" at the Royal Italian Opera during the past season. That vocalists of various nations should be assembled at a lyrical establishment in England to sing a German opera translated into Italian evidently begins to appear a monstrous absurdity to those who are not swayed by their old-world prejudices; and the consequence is that, although Mr. Carl Rosa reckoned the "Flying Dutchman," at the Lyceum, in the English tongue one of his greatest successes, Mr. Gye found "Il Vascello Fantasma," at the Covent Garden Opera, in the Italian tongue a comparative failure. But on the whole the season has been neither better nor worse than its many predecessors under the same management. The lessee has redeemed his promise that "three at least" of the Operas named in the prospectus would be produced; for, in addition to Wagner's "Il Vascello Fantasma" ("Flying Dutchman,") we have had Nicolai's "Le Vispe Comari (Merry Wives) di Windsor," and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha's "Santa Chiara," the presentation of the last-named work being evidently due to an influence quite apart from that which should rule the actions of an operatic *impresario*. It was of course natural that, having encountered so many obstacles in securing the services of Signor Gayarre, he should be placed at once in the highest position, for it was necessary to prove that he was a tenor worth fighting for; but to sit in judgment nightly for the purpose of ascertaining accurately whether his merits sufficiently balanced his defects was found by the audience not a very agreeable duty; and the reception of Signor Nicolini, who, although not a Mario, is a very excellent and reliable tenor, amply showed that the sensational and unequal vocalism of the new comer was becoming a little tiresome. The decisive success of Mdle. Zaré Thalberg as Mrs. Ford, in Nicolai's Opera, "Le Vispe Comari di Windsor," is a remarkable proof how by zealous and conscientious study a vocalist with natural gifts can qualify herself for a position for which at first she may be believed incompetent. That, through the interest of mistaken friends, or from want of judgment on her own part, Mdle. Thalberg made her *début* on the operatic stage at too early a period of her vocal training can scarcely admit of a doubt; and we are glad therefore that the public has extended to her an indulgence which has often been denied to other talented but immature artists who have from time to time appeared before us. Signor Pandolfini, who made his first appearance as the *Jester* in "Rigoletto," and Signor Ordinas, whose *début* as *Mephistopheles* in "Faust" was highly successful, will doubtless be members of the company next season; but, although other aspirants for public favor were well received, we question whether any will be heard of again. Mdle. Marimon has, strangely enough, appeared too rarely for her many admirers; but Mdle. Albani has in several parts materially advanced her already high reputation, her performance of *Senta*, in Wagner's "Il Vascello Fantasma," being especially worthy of praise, both vocally and histrionically. Madame Patti has been, as usual, a powerful attraction; and Signori Marini and Carpi have given much strength to the tenor department. M. Maurel, Signori Capponi, Graziani, Cotogni, and Bagagliolo are well known as thoroughly dependable vocalists, and their services have been of the utmost value during the season, the singing of the first-named artist as the *Dutchman* in "Il Vascello Fantasma" being extremely good. The two Conductors, Signori Vianesi and

Bevignani, have worked zealously during the season, and both band and chorus are entitled to warm commendation.

Not only should every indulgence be granted to Mr. Mapleson for any shortcomings during the season at Her Majesty's Theatre, but the utmost sympathy must be felt for him in consideration of the position in which he was placed by the illness of Mdle. Tietjens. We have reason to believe that Cherubini's "Medea" and Gluck's "Armida" were in preparation; but as the heroine of both these works was incapacitated from singing, they were reluctantly laid aside, and the lessee was compelled to present his subscribers with the well-known operas which he knew could be safely cast and cordially welcomed, although we can scarcely forgive him for the non-production of Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer," seeing that the services of M. Faure and Madame Christine Nilsson were perfectly available. The absence of so great an artist as Mdle. Tietjens it might be expected would throw a cloud over the season, the influence of which would be universally felt; and Mr. Mapleson, in engaging Mdle. Gerster, certainly did all that could be done under the circumstances, for he knew that Madame Christine Nilsson would be sure to attract whenever she appeared, and he has thus been enabled to carry through the whole of his subscription season, and some extra nights also, with very decided success. The marked impression produced by Mdle. Gerster is not, we think, of that kind which will easily pass away. Her singing is remarkably pure and unexaggerated; and, although we could occasionally desire a little more of that warmth of expression which lends additional eloquence to even the most perfectly executed phrases, we are certain that her exceptional powers have been duly recognized, and that her reappearance next season will be anxiously expected. Mdle. Chiomi and Mdle. Salla have won their way to a fair position; the return of Mdle. Milla Rodani has been warmly welcomed, but Signor Talbo must be mentioned as a vocalist who has gradually worn out the welcome accorded him on his *début*. Mdle. Alwina Valleria deserves something more than "honorable mention," for her services during the season have been of the utmost value. Not only has she thoroughly proved her efficiency in all the parts for which she was cast, but on one occasion, when Madame Christine Nilsson was indisposed, she sang the *Music of Lucio* so well as fairly to earn the warm applause of an audience scarcely predisposed to be satisfied with any substitute for the favorite artist announced. Signor Tamberlik brings to us a voice too much worn to bear the strain of singing through an entire opera, but his artistic feeling makes itself felt with those who can still admire a true style. Signor Wachtel has undoubtedly a fine vocal organ, but there is a want of refinement in his delivery of every phrase which prevents his ever touching our sympathies. Both artists, however, have been well received; and with Signor Fancelli—who has been singing better than ever during the season—the tenor department has been very fairly represented. The engagement of M. Faure has proved of the utmost importance in the cast of several operas, his *Don Giovanni* being unquestionably unequalled by any artist on the lyric stage; and the co-operation of the well known favorites of this company (Madame Trebelli more especially) has been most valuable to the lessee under the unusually trying circumstances of the past season. The band, under the able direction of Sir Michael Costa, has been thoroughly satisfactory; and the chorus, although at times somewhat coarse, on the whole fairly efficient.

Notes from the Continent.

Referring to the performances in connection with the recent meeting of the Allgemeine Deutsche Musik-Verein at Hanover, mention should be made of the representation, extending over four successive evenings, of Goethe's "Faust," with the incidental music by Lassen, a work which in its complete form had only once before been performed some time ago at Weimar. In view of the costly and ostentatious representations at Bayreuth last year of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," which likewise occupied four days, the tardy justice thus rendered to one of the greatest masterpieces of all ages becomes the more conspicuous. The German press is unanimous in its praise of the very artistic and liberal manner in which the drama was placed on the stage, presenting as it does, especially in its second part, a series of difficulties which would seem to be almost insurmountable. In estimating the importance of this

event the fact should also be taken into consideration that from a financial point of view a representation of this kind must always remain a failure.

Franz Liszt, who has long since retired from the sphere of active virtuosi, has greatly added to the long list of his enthusiastic admirers by his exceptional appearance at the pianoforte, both on the occasion of the above meeting at Hanover and latterly also at Jena. The fascination which this unique artist exercised of old upon his audience seems to have increased rather than diminished, if we are to judge by the reports published in some of the German papers.

Preparations on a large scale are being made at the Munich Court Theatre for the performance in 1878 of the entire "Ring des Nibelungen." The first and second part of the Tetralogy have already been several times given at the Bavarian capital, and the contemplated representation of the complete work during next year will be preceded by the separate production of "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung." Herr Wagner, after his recent stay at Ems for the purpose of recruiting his health, intends spending some weeks in Switzerland, where, says the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, he will find the isolation necessary for the continuance of the work upon which he has been for some time engaged.

A new opera from the pen of Flotow is expected shortly to make its appearance on the German stage. It is entitled "Die Musikanten," the authors of the libretto being MM. Genée and Zell.

It will interest the admirers of Herr Wagner to know that a biography of the poet-composer, from the pen of Herr Glasenapp, has just been published by the firm of C. Maurer, of Leipzig. The work is comprised in two volumes, and contains, according to the *Allgemeine Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, an abundance of interesting material, presented in an attractive and sympathetic form.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 18, 1877.

Who will endow Music in the University?

I.

We trust it will not be many years before our universities embrace Musical Professorships in their learned Faculties. Harvard at last has one Professor of this art and science, and so far is beginning to keep pace with the progress of the times in this direction. But a University so all alive, so many-sided, comprehensive, and so rich in means, should cover under its maternal wing a Complete School of Music, on an equal footing with its Schools of Medicine, of Law, Theology, Natural History, etc. Wealthy would-be public benefactors may do as much good for posterity by endowing schools of Art, as by endowing schools of Literature, Theology or Science. Or equally, an amply endowed permanent provision of the highest kind of orchestral concerts, oratorios, etc., in a city like New York or Boston, lifting these opportunities quite above the fluctuating patronage of half-cultivated publics, and so keeping the standard always classical and high, ruling out all clap-trap and mere fashion, would be as useful and as noble a disposition of a millionaire's abundance, as the bequest of a like fund for any sort of a new school or professorship at Yale or Harvard. Can Greek or Latin, Algebra or Logic, Ichthyology or Paleontology, do more to refine and humanize and elevate society, than a deep, intimate love and understanding of the great tone-creations of the inspired masters? Can Homer or Virgil quicken the human soul more than Beethoven? And is it any extravagance of fancy to suggest that Handel's "Messiah" may have done as much good in the world as Dr. Paley's Ethics?

These are hints which we think it behoves the fathers and wise men, the "men of eminent gravity" of our community to consider. Until recently the

worth of Music, as one of the great means of intellectual, emotional and social culture, has been little known or dreamed of in this busy land, save by a few isolated enthusiasts, or small groups of such. But now there are thousands who will not hesitate to ascribe much of their best culture, much that is most precious and most soul supporting in life's feverish and perplexed career, to Music; thousands who feel a debt of gratitude to it as deep as any feel to Plato and the great philosophers and poets, or to all the lights of literature and science; thousands who need not look upon that noble statue of Beethoven in our Boston Music Hall, to feel that there is as great and noble sphere for the devotion of all a man's intellectual and spiritual energies in Music, pursued as an Art, as there can be in any honored occupation. Now if this were as widely and generally believed, as it is unquestionably true, Music would be as liberally and variously endowed in Colleges and Universities, in lyceums and concert halls and lyrical temples and conservatoires in every city and large town, as any of the branches of scholastic culture have been from of old.

There is no lack of schools and colleges. There is no lack of funds, by subscription or bequest, for any needed number of professorships in any old or modern literature, in any branch of Physics or of Metaphysics. There is wealth enough, and the wealthy take a patriotic pride in these things. Whatsoever is expended upon public education is accounted well spent. It is among the glories of the merchants of Boston, as a class, that no subscription for a new observatory or telescope, or for the founding or strengthening of a scientific or a literary professorship, with a live man to fill it, is ever suffered to fall to the ground among them. Whose are the names borne by so many of the best foundations in our Alma Mater? They are the names of public-spirited, far-seeing, prosperous merchants, who saw the value of education to the coming generations, and who felt it a duty which they owed to their children and their country, to open, out of their material abundance, permanent fountains of such education in its several branches. Every month brings report of some munificent donation or bequest of this sort. Yet never so far do we hear of anybody in his will bequeathing fifty or even ten thousand dollars for the endowment of any thing musical. And why? Simply because the conviction of the usefulness of such an object has not acquired the sanction of society at large, has not become public opinion. Those having the means and will to benefit posterity, bestow their wealth, as others have done before them, upon certain old-fashioned, respectable, conventional good objects. Few seek out new and equally needed ways of doing good. Here is a wealthy and eccentric old bachelor, who has original notions and refined tastes of his own, among which perhaps a passionate devotion to good music, to indulge which he thinks it little to appear strange and visionary to his neighbors all his life. He believes in music; believes in it enthusiastically, extravagantly; cherishes it in his quiet way as the divine fire of his life; yet it is a hundred to one that when he comes to make his will, he will bestow all he has upon some conventional old form of charity, upon a hospital, a Greek professorship, a chapel, or what not, without its once occurring to him, inasmuch as it never has been done, that it is quite practicable, and would be an extremely useful thing for him to open a perennial fountain of that divine Art he so loves to those that shall come after him. But wait a few years; let Music become as widely prized and honored, as now Greek and Hebrew are, and here and there a dying millionaire will begin to think he has a debt to Music too, among his responsibilities for the true culture of posterity. We do not despair of this. No one who knows and feels the social worth of music, can despair of it. If it have such worth, it must ere long be generally felt, and then subscriptions, donations and bequests will come as naturally for this good object as for any other.

Several ways occur as worthy. One is to give St. Cecilia her chair (as Harvard has done) among the fair and venerable "humanities" in our old universities. Another is to establish a complete School of Music under the wing of a powerful University, which shall give it the guaranty of respectability, of disinterestedness—thereby distinguishing it from the one hundred and one so-called "Conservatories" in this country. (So far a new University has got the start in this; we allude, of course, to the Boston University, which has its "College of Music.") Another way, and one which might result in even more practical good, would be to endow a large permanent Orchestra, under wise and strict, yet liberal conditions, for the frequent public performance in any city of the really great classical compositions of the masters. This, however, ought to be part and parcel of the true Music School, College or Conservatory.—The time is ripe for the agitation of this subject, than it was when we began it in the early volumes of this Journal. We mean to develop these hints further, and we invite suggestions from others.

Mme. Seiler's School of Vocal Art in Philadelphia.

We had a very pleasant call the other day from this exceedingly intelligent and enterprising lady, who has devoted herself heart and soul, with all her strength, so many years, in Philadelphia, to the practical illustration of the principles of vocal training laid down in that remarkable work of her's, "The Voice in Singing." Her School—now under her own control exclusively, and which aims to make musicians in a larger sense than that of mere vocalists, seems now to be in the full tide of success and to have made astonishing progress in the short period of three years since it was founded. With several musical gentlemen we had the pleasure of listening to the singing of a couple of her pupils—one a high soprano, the other a rich contralto—both voices, however, being of large compass, very evenly developed, strong, flexible, giving the tone out in such a frank and wholesome manner, as to make one feel that such voices have a long lease of life. The musical intelligence likewise, and the style of rendering choice selections from Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Spohr, and others, was highly satisfactory. And, what is most remarkable, all this beauty and power of tone has been developed, we are told, from voices originally by no means promising. It is probable that these young ladies will be heard from in the concert room next season,—perhaps in this city.

At our request, Mme. Seiler has furnished us with the following brief report of the progress of the School from its commencement.

The School of Vocal Art in Philadelphia owes its origin to the liberality of one gentleman, who expended \$500 annually upon the musical education of a number of deserving young men and women, with the view of forming better singers for the church service.

Previous to the opening of the School of Vocal Art, from 1869 to 1874, there were, according to the above arrangement, under the tuition of Madame Seiler, thirty pupils, of whom twenty have won positions as teachers and church-singers. In view of this favorable result it was decided, with the help of other contributors, to open a School for the training of teachers and artists. This was accomplished on the 5th of January, 1875, beginning with ten pupils, to whom were added seven more during the winter, independently of nineteen others under instruction in separate branches. The number of pupils was constantly increasing, till in June, 1877, at the end of the third season, it was eighty-nine, independently of thirty others taking various branches.

The artistic progress of the School during the last year deserves special notice. In the department of sacred music, such compositions as Haydn's *Creation*, Mendelssohn's *Hear my Prayer*, *As the Harp pants*, Mozart's *12th Mass*, etc., have been practiced; besides the Hymns and Chants used in ordinary church service.

The Operas of the *Magic Flute* by Mozart, *Orpheus* by Gluck, and *Oberon* by Weber, have been studied and presented by the pupils, with such attention to style and action as circumstances allowed. It is intended to make this training a prominent feature of the School, thus supplying a well known want in this country, and furnishing some means of overcoming the difficulty that artists for the operatic stage experience in gaining dramatic force and freedom of style.

The spirit of the pupils has been beyond praise. All seem to feel the influence of an artistic musical atmosphere, inciting them to perseverance in study and a generous emulation. This being the highest result of Art, is accepted as the best possible evidence of what the School has accomplished, and what its worth may be for the future.

Nor have the advantages of the School proved to be purely theoretical. A large number of the pupils have already become self-supporting by teaching, singing in choirs, etc. Applications are made at the School for choirs and teachers for institutions in other cities; and this opens another sphere for those who are interested in the higher education of young women aiming to make themselves independent.

In conclusion, there can be no better evidence of the success of the School, than the fact that it has now attained to a condition in which it is self-supporting; it no longer taxes the liberality of its friends.

The English National Anthem.

To the Editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music*:

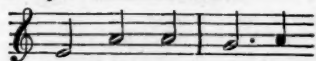
The reading of the article in your last issue upon "God Save the King" reminded me of the discussion of this subject in Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time." If we may allow the authoritative value of this work, we find a ready answer to some of Mr. Moore's queries; whilst your own suggestion of a theory of *growth*, resulting, after various modifications, in a recognized composition, finds considerable support.

The claims of Dr. Bull and of Henry Carey to be considered the authors of this National Anthem appear to be as strong as any. That of the former rests upon a certain manuscript book, dated 1619, containing, among several others, two pieces, one of which, having the title "God Save the King," is founded upon the four notes, *c, g, f, e*, corresponding to the popular cry upon the King's appearance. "These four notes are repeated over and over, with twenty-six different bases, and occupy seven pages of the manuscript."

The other air is very like "God Save the King," but has "no tittle of evidence" to connect the words with the period 1619. As sung at the concerts of Ancient Music and elsewhere it had the following melodic form:—



Mr. Chappell observes that, in its original state the "ayre" commenced thus:—



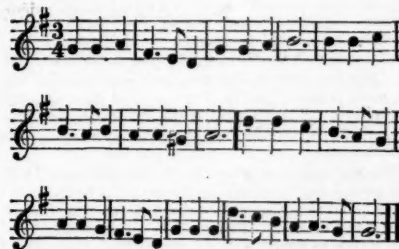
His examination of the manuscript convinced him that it had been tampered with for the sake of increasing the resemblance to the air now known as "God Save the King." If we allow that he has succeeded in proving this, there remains but little more than a metrical agreement between the two.

The similarity of the Christmas Carol, which is older than Dr. Bull's tune, is to be traced principally in the first four measures of the second part.

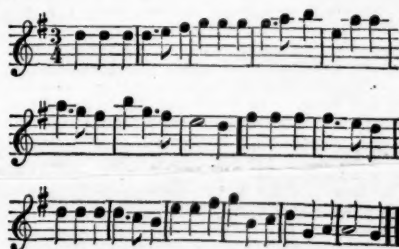
The entire air is as follows:—



The notation of "Franklin is fled away," "one of the many tunes from which *God Save the King* has been said to be derived," is thus given by Mr. Chappell:—



Purcell's theme, considered by a writer in "The Gentleman's Magazine," for March, 1796, as the original tune of "God Save the King," or, at least, as furnishing the subject of it, was printed in 1696 in the following manner. The harmony I have omitted.



At least so much of presumptive material was in existence before the time of Carey. The claim of Carey to the authorship of the anthem is thus presented by Chappell:—

About the year 1795, when a pension of £200 a year had been granted to Charles Dibdin, on account of the favorable influence which his naval songs had over the British seamen, George Savile Carey made a journey to Windsor in the hope of a similar recompense. He relates in his *Balance*, that he was advised to beg the interference of a gentleman residing in the purlieus of Windsor Castle, that he would be kind enough to explain this matter rightly to the Sovereign, thinking it not improbable that some consideration might have taken place and some little compliment be bestowed on the offspring of one who had done the state some service. He was met with this answer, "Sir, I do not see, because your father was the author of *GOD SAVE THE KING*, that the King is under any obligation to his son." G. S. Carey could not assert anything respecting the authorship from his own knowledge, having been born in 1742, and his father having died in 1743.

Henry Carey is the first person who is recorded as having sung "God Save the King" in public, and he was in the habit of writing both the words and the music of his songs. John Christopher Smith, who composed the music to an opera called *Teraminta*, of which Carey wrote the drama, asserts that Carey took the words and music of "God Save the King" to him, to correct the bass. His evidence is contained in a letter from Dr. Harrington, the celebrated physician and amateur musician of Bath, addressed to G. S. Carey, and dated June 13th, 1795:

"Dear Sir,—The anecdote you mention, respecting your father's being the author and composer of the words and music of 'God Save the King,' is certainly true. That most respectable gentleman, my worthy friend and patient, Mr. Smith, has often told me what follows: viz., 'that your father came to him with the words and music, desiring him to correct the bass, which was not proper; and at your father's request, Mr. Smith wrote another bass in correct harmony.' Mr. Smith, to whom I read your letter this day, repeated the same account, and on his authority I pledge myself for the truth of this statement. H. Harrington."

The proof of Carey's having sung it in 1740 (five years before it became generally known), rests upon the evidence of Mr. Townsend, who in 1794 stated to Mr. John Ashley, of Bath, that his father dined with Henry Carey at a tavern in Cornhill, in the year 1740, at a meeting convened to celebrate Admiral Vernon's capture of Portobello, and that "Carey sang it on that occasion." He adds that "the applause he received was very great, especially when he announced it to be his own composition." (Vide Ashley's letter to the Rev. W. L. Bowles, 1828). This receives some confirmation from the writer of a letter to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1796, who says, "The first time I ever heard the anthem of 'God Save the King' was about the year 1740, on some public occasion at a tavern in Cornhill." (Vide Chappell, pp. 694-5.)

Schoelcher bases his statement in favor of Dr. Bull upon the authority of Richard Clark, who, according to Chappell's representations was untrustworthy.

So also the "*Vive le Roy*" of the French is shown to be simply the patriotic shout which has been common in all nations from the time of the Jewish monarchy to the present. In the annals of English music we have several instances of the recurrence of this shout or cry; as in the anthem for Henry VII:—

"God save King Henrie, wheresoever he be," etc. in that for Edward VI:—

"King Edward, King Edward,
God save King Edward," etc.;

in that for James I:—

"God Save King James, and still pull downe,
All those that would annoy his crowne;"

in that for Charles I:—

"Let Charles's glorie through England ring,
Let subjects say, 'God save the King.'"

The claim in behalf of Lully is based upon a random assertion in the *Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créqui*, a modern French novel!

The claim in behalf of Anthony Young rests on the authority of a Mrs. Henslowe, who received as a legacy the accumulations of a pension granted to the widow of Dr. Arne by George III. This pension, she asserts, was bestowed, not, as we should naturally suppose, because of Dr. Arne's eminence, but because Mrs. Arne was the grand-daughter of Anthony Young, who composed a National Anthem for the Stuarts, the reward for which was granted, according to this statement, by a monarch of the house of Hanover! We may agree with Chappell that "this claim is too feebly supported to receive any serious attention."

Mr. Moore asks the question: "Why did Dr. Burney say 'the tune was set to music by the Catholic chapel of James II.' etc. May it not have been because Benjamin Victor had previously asserted that 'the very words and music are an old anthem that was sung at St. James' Chapel for King James II when the Prince of Orange was landed?' But Victor is impeached by Chappell of apparent inaccuracy in this and other statements, as may be seen by reference to page 700 of "Popular Music."

What is known of Henry Carey will not warrant the conclusion that he was a musician of scientific attainments. Neither did he manifest such originality as would raise him above the unconscious expression of the ideas of others. May not this account in some degree for the resemblances between the compositions noted above and the National Anthem accredited to him?

B. D. A.

—Worcester, Aug. 9th, 1877.

Summer-Night Concerts in Chicago.— Letter from Theodore Thomas.

(From the Chicago Tribune, July 31.)

On Wednesday evening Mr. Thomas will receive his complimentary benefit, and in this connection his reply to the invitation extended to the citizens will be of special interest. It will be peculiarly gratifying to Chicago and peculiarly ungratifying to New York. Mr. Thomas writes as follows:

CHICAGO, July 28.—*Mr. Wirt Dexter and Others*—GENTLEMEN: In accepting the compliment extended to me in your letter of the 27th, permit me to say, that the cordial welcome I have met with in public and private during my stay this summer has greatly attached me to your city.

When, in 1866, I inaugurated nightly Summer Garden Concerts in New York, I did it with a view of elevating my profession and the public taste for music. In a few years these concerts became a recognized institution of the country. As my repertoire extended, my orchestra had to be increased to meet the enlarged demands of the modern composers. In order to sustain so large an organization, I was obliged to travel a portion of the year, and it was this necessity which first introduced me to the West. But it was New York, Boston and Philadelphia which enjoyed the fruits of all this labor in the shape of the Symphony Concerts, which could never have reached the high standard attained had not the whole country contributed to the support of the organization.

After eleven consecutive years of Summer Night Concerts, I have been obliged to leave New York for want of a suitable hall in which to give them. What New York offered I refused, and what I wanted I could not have. That metropolis not having supplied my needs, I was induced to try the West, and I gladly confess I do not regret the experiment. I find the people here open-hearted, generous, and enthusiastic, and in thanking them through you for their kind appreciation of the labor my colleagues and myself have done here during the last months, it would give me pleasure, circumstances permitting, to return here next summer.

The support we have received justifies me in saying that Chicago is the only city on the continent, next to New York, where there is sufficient musical culture to enable me to give a series of fifty successive concerts.

Thanking you again for your kindness, I will, with your permission, name next Wednesday, Aug. 1, as the evening most convenient for the complimentary concert, and will, with your consent, combine with it a request programme. Very respectfully yours,

THEODORE THOMAS.

(From the Same, Aug. 1.)

Last evening a very large audience was in attendance at the Exposition Building upon the occasion of the second Beethoven night. The programme was a delightful one, opening with selections from the music to Goethe's tragedy of "Egmont," the overture to which is very familiar to concert-goers, as it has been a standing programme piece for years. In addition to the overture there are nine numbers, two songs, four entr'actes, a larghetto descriptive of Clara's death, melodrama, and an allegro con brio. Of these Mr. Thomas selected the overture, entr'actes, the larghetto, and finale. The music was written in 1810, and was first performed in May of that year. The motive of nearly all this music centres about the sorrow of Clara, the heroine, but is coupled with that sturdy love of German independence that was always characteristic of Beethoven. In its ensemble it is one of the finest illustrations of Beethoven's dramatic music. One enthusiastic German critic has declared that when Beethoven wrote these fragments he pointed out a new road to art.

The second number was two of the four Equales which Beethoven wrote for four trombones, performed on this occasion by three trombones and tuba (Messrs. Capps, Boeber, Deis, and Lowack), and transposed by Mr. Thomas to suit the present instruments. The most interesting feature of these two Equales is the fact that they were set to words after Beethoven's death in the form of a Miserere, and sung at his funeral, March 29, 1827. The autograph of these numbers bears date "Linz, Nov. 2, 1812." The 2d of November was All-Soul's Day, in commemoration of which they were written. In massive harmony, genuine antique form, and sublime majesty they are not only solemnly impressive, but colossal. They might have been written for the obsequies of a Titan. The performance of them aroused an enthusiasm that has hardly been equalled this season. It may be added that they were given for the first time in this country last evening.

The third number, closing the first part, was the ever grateful "Adelaide," that most dramatic of all songs, which was sung by Mr. Bischoff in admirable style, with piano accompaniment.

The Symphony chosen for this occasion was the Fifth, in C Minor, one of the grandest of Beethoven's inspirations, and the one most played the world over. The key to its ideas is found in Beethoven's

own inscription for the unison commencement of the first movement: "Fate knocks loudly at the portals." It is the old story of every human life. The first movement pictures the struggle of the soul to break through the bonds of pain and misery, the everlasting conflict with destiny. The second paints the consolation of hope. In the third the soul is again beclouded, and darkness sets in. The finale tells of victory, the escape of the soul into the higher regions of earthly happiness, the triumph over fate. It is purely subjective in its motive, and with simple means achieves that emotional result for which Wagner strives so hard, following in the footsteps of the Great Master,—the one working from inspiration, the other from intellect. The Symphony has been played so often here that it is unnecessary to go into any detailed analysis of it. It is pleasanter to acknowledge the obligation to the orchestra and conductor for their noble and dignified interpretation. It is a rare luxury in the present confused condition of our local musical world to hear the Beethoven Symphonies at all, much more to hear them performed as they should be. For this reason the concert-goers will be all the more thankful to Mr. Thomas that this summer he has given them the opportunity of hearing the Second, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh of these great compositions.

The remaining numbers were the overture in C (*Namensfeier*), the Andante Cantabile (Liszt's adaptation), and the Allegro con brio from the *Prometheus* ballet music. Taken all in all, it was a concert which in future will be remembered as one of the most important as well as enjoyable in this remarkable season.

August 2.—The testimonial concert tendered to Mr. Thomas last evening was attended by one of the largest and most brilliant audiences of the season. The audience both in quantity and quality testified eloquently to the esteem in which Mr. Thomas is held by our concert-goers, and how delighted they are at his announcements for next summer. The programme was an elegant one, including Albert's adaptation of the Bach Prelude, Chorale and Fugue for orchestra; Handel's concerto for two solo violins and cello, with Ferdinand David's cadenza, played by Mr. Jacobsohn, Mr. F. Hemmann, and Mr. C. Hemmann; a "Cradle Song" and "Serenade" of Spohr's, also his march from the "Consecration of Tones"; an Overture, Scherzo, and Finale, by Schumann, which is in reality a symphony in three movements; Liszt's glorious symphonic poem of Tasso, "The Lament and Triumph"; "Vieuxtemps' "Fantasie Caprice"; a song of Luchner's, "Ueberall Du," violin obligato by Mr. C. Hemmann; the ballet music to "Rienzi"; and Schubert's "Erl King," sung by Mr. Bischoff. The testimonial was a thoroughly enjoyable occasion, and one long to be remembered both by Mr. Thomas and his audience. This evening will be devoted to the music of the future, the programme being made up of choice selections from Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner, with Mrs. Julia Rivé-King as pianist.

MUSICAL OPTIMISM. A reporter of the San Francisco Chronicle who recently visited the industrial school was very much impressed by what he saw and learned there concerning not only the taming but the reforming and refining influence of a "concord of sweet sounds." Attached to the institution is a music teacher who has at all times in active training a number of boys, who perform on the various instruments that make up a brass band. This teacher, who is an intelligent German, and to all appearances an able instructor, testifies to the wonderful efficacy of music in softening the rugged nature of the boys, who are sent to school usually because they are uncontrollable by their parents or guardians. He says he has noticed the singular fact that boys whose aversion to learning was so great that they could not or would not acquire even a knowledge of their "a, b, abs," took hold with evident relish of the comparatively difficult study of theoretical music, and in a very short space of time mastered the notes sufficiently to be able to read a tolerably hard score or piece of music. This seemed to him like a phenomenal phase, and he can only account for it on the ground that a love of music is inherent in the average bad boy. He has usually in training a band of twenty pupils; but he says that this number he could easily augment at any time to two, three or even four times as many, for he very rarely finds a boy that has not a taste for some musical instrument. The greatest trouble he has yet encountered in the formation of his bands is the fact that as soon as his pupils become really proficient they are ready for a discharge for good conduct, the music possessing such an influence for good over them as to completely reform dispositions that would otherwise be incorrigibly bad. Since he has held the position of music teacher at the institution several boys have been discharged for good and promising conduct, who have turned their knowledge of music acquired within the walls of the industrial school to profitable account.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Make Room in Heav'n for Me. Song and Chorus. F. 3. E to F. Rutledge. 30

"Make room in Heaven for poverty's child." An affecting ballad in popular style.

Lost Chord. F. 3. c to F. Sullivan. 40

"It flooded the crimson twilight, Like the close of an angel's psalm." An exquisite idea finely expressed.

When Life is brightest. Vocal Duet. C. 3. E to F. Pinsuti. 50

"Laughing, pleasant, genial summer, With its bright and genial smile." A very bright duet, and all in praise of summer.

My dear old Home. Song and Chorus. Ab. 3. E to E. Meyer. 30

"Oft I think of those dear treasures, In that dear, yes, dear old home." A simple and very pleasing Home song.

Softly fades the Twilight Ray. Eb. 3. d to E. Havens. 30

"All things tell of calm repose, At the holy Sabbath's close." One of Havens' Quartets. Beautiful.

They all do it. G. 3. d to F. Read. 30

"And sometimes they rue it, Yet they all do it." Capital Comic Song in "Tony Pastor" style.

Love's Roses. (Die Rose der Liebe.) G. 4. d to g. Fairlamb. 30

"These fragrant, blushing roses." "Die düfteichste Rose." Rich poetry, both in words and music.

You gave it me, long Years ago. Song and Chorus. F. 3. c to F. Keens. 30

"And oh! how often, when alone, I've kissed my violet blue." With a fine expression, and with qualities which are sure to secure favor.

When the Tide comes in. E. 4. d to g. Millard. 50

"He sailed away at break of day, The skies were blue and fair." Well-known favorite. There is also an Alto arrangement.

The Dust of a Rose. F. 3. F to F. Fairlamb. 30

"It could not bring back the same old time. No, never! No, never!" Very rich sentiment to a varied melody.

Roll on, Kalamazoo. Song and Chorus. D. 3. d to F. Vandercook. 30

"Free as a bird I roam." The repetition of the quite musical name of the river, gives a novelty to the chorus and attractiveness to the song.

Good times Come Again. Song and Cho. Eb. 2. E to g. Hays. 30

"We give to pick de cotton, An' hoe de sugar cane." Words, — nonsense, but with the music makes a capital "roust about" or plantation song.

Vacation Redowa. Bb. 3. Wendelstein. 30

Those whose vacation hours are cheered by it, will have pleasant memories. Very graceful.

Whispering Waves. Salonstück. A. 3. Frank. 40

Has the rocking motion of the waves; is very smooth and graceful, and a fine piece for practice.

Mazurka in Bb. 3. Stetson. 35

A mazurka which would B-flat-tered if it could hear itself played, since it is very musical; varies to six flats for a few measures.

Village Belle Waltz. C. 3. Sudds. 30

Pretty as a pretty belle, and that is fine enough.

Six Easy Sonatas, by C. Gurliitt.

No. 1 is in C; No. 2 is in G; No. 3 is in D; No. 4 is in G; No. 5 is in A minor; No. 6 is in F.

All are about of the 3d degree of difficulty, and have the entertaining, instructive quality of well-constructed Sonatas by the best authors.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 3. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

